The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen ſhew his face:
Young blood doth not obay an olde decree.
We can not croſſe the cauſe why we were borne:
Therefore of all handes muſt we be forſworne.
King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
Ber. Did they quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly *Roſaline*,
That (like a rude and ſauadge man of *Inde*.)
At the firſt opning of the gorgious Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blind.
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt.
What peromptorie Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?
King. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpirde thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.
Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd ſoueraigntie,
Do meete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall worthies make one dignitie,
Where nothing wantes, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the floriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie paynted Rethoricke, O ſhee needes it not,
To thinges of ſale, a ſellers prayſe belonges:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A witherd Hermight fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beautie doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O tis the Sunne that maketh all thinges ſhine.
King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is fayre that is not full ſo blacke.

King